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LIFE IN PRISON CAMP ENDURABLE

Man Released From the Isle of Wight Gives His Experiences.

WAS NOT TREATED BADLY

Interned Germans Are Well Supplied With Food and Diversions—Self-governing Prison Camp—Abuses Are Remedied.

By FRED TCHERKESOFF.

London.—Wishing to obtain some authentic information about the life of "alien enemies" in the internment camps, I went to see my friend, Ludwig, who had been interned six weeks in the Knockaloe camp on the Isle of Wight, and who now was released on the ground of having no nationality at all.

Ludwig was born in Russia of German parents. He had been educated there, had married a Russian, taken part in the revolutionary movement of the University of Moscow students, and finally had been expelled by the Russian police, going to Germany. Here he was not only not welcomed but was denied the rights of German nationality. At last, after some years spent in Bulgaria and France, he came to London.

When the war broke out all Germans were forced to register. My friend, from an excess of honesty, confessed to the police the puzzle of his nationality; from an excess of pride he denied the authorities interned him until his papers of identity had been examined.

"Did you find life in the camp very hard?" I asked.

"Existence in the camp," he said, "is quite bearable; of course one must fit in one's mind once for all that one is no longer free and has to submit to regulations. Within certain limits, however, we were quite at liberty to organize our internal life, and we, in our compound, made full use of this permission. We chose among us our own police for each section, and this arrangement worked so perfectly that the English soldier-guards left the keeping of order entirely to the men elected by us and entered only on their request—a good deal of unpleasantness and friction being avoided in consequence.

"Generally speaking, the food is good and sufficient.

Settling the Meat Question.

"Each person is supposed to receive half a pound of meat, including fat and bones, or four ounces of corned beef. But the German cooks, who are appointed and paid by the English contractors, are hand in glove with their masters, and even some of the officials know what is going on; in any case, the amount of cooked meat each man receives is nearer two than eight ounces. This question of the meat portions has given rise to much friction and was at the bottom of the riots in the Douglas camp, when many were killed and wounded.

"I was impressed at once by the evident disparity of the official and the real portions of meat, and consulted with my fellow prisoners. Whenever a public question has to be debated a general meeting is called. A resolution was passed and a delegate sent to the governor. As similar resolutions had been forwarded to him on several occasions, he told us that now we would receive each our half-pound of raw meat.

"This caused consternation among the wealthy prisoners, who did not like at all the idea of having to cook their own dinners. The poorer ones proposed to find among the prisoners

some cooks and waiters who could prepare the food for us all together. But a resolution was carried by the majority asking the governor to revert to the old way. As a result of our protest, however, we received afterward somewhat larger portions.

"The next cause of trouble arose in this way: An excellent rule had been made by the authorities that hot water could be obtained in the official cookhouse from early morning till late at night. But the German cooks enforced an unwritten law that a penny must be paid by each person each time hot water was required. I paid my penny, like everybody else, and obtained the hot water at once. I noticed, however, a sailor who did not get any until all had been served. When asked for an explanation, he frankly told me that he had no money and therefore was boycotted by the cooks.

"The next day I asked for water, but did not pay. On the succeeding days I was ignored systematically by the cooks. At my request our section chief called a general meeting, to which I made my complaint about the impossibility of procuring hot water without payment, and explained that as about three thousand men three times daily fetched hot water this meant about £3 to £4 (\$15 to \$20) a day for the six cooks. Accordingly, a unanimous resolution was sent to the governor, who promptly abolished the abuse.

Regulating Camp Affairs.

"As a rule the military officials were willing to make any alterations suggested by us. For instance, there was much delay in the delivery of letters and postal parcels sent to the prisoners. I proposed that a few reliable prisoners be placed in the censor's office, open the parcels in his presence, and, after his inspection, close them up again. This plan was agreed to, and it worked splendidly. Also one hundred parcels, the addresses of which had been lost under the old system, were on our suggestion exposed in the camp and speedily reclaimed by their owners.

"According to official instructions our huts had to be scrubbed twice monthly; we decided to do this every week, each of us in turn. Whether it was a wealthy banker from the city or a penniless waiter from Soho, each one did his work without grumbling. Only one elderly merchant offered five shillings to anyone willing to do his share. 'Not because I do not want to scrub,' he explained, 'but because for three days after doing so I cannot move without pain in my back.' A young fellow consented to do the job for him for sixpence. Some of the prisoners received neither money nor parcels and therefore had to subsist entirely on the official rations, which, of course, did not include luxuries.

When Quarrels Break Out.

"Everything that tends to keep the men busy is welcomed, because a certain amount of nervousness and irritability is inevitable when thousands of men are suddenly taken from their work and forced to live together at close quarters. Quarrels break out easily and may quickly assume dangerous proportions.

"One afternoon a German baker commented bitterly on the anti-German riots in London, which had ruined him. 'Served you right,' said a young fellow thoughtlessly. The next moment he was nearly lynched by the baker's friends. I managed to get him surrounded by more peaceable persons and proposed to call our own police. 'No, no,' the crowd shouted. 'Father Ludwig, you go and settle the quarrel.' It was not a difficult task, as the young man made a complete apology.

"One fine evening we were standing outside our hut, contemplating the starry sky, while our doctor friend gave us some astronomical explanations. Suddenly a shot resounded. In a moment there was wild confusion in the camp and the combined efforts of all the more responsible men were required to subdue it. We learned afterward that the sentry had shot at

a man who tried to escape. The elements of a tragedy or of a panic are always present, and the only antidote is work.

Of Course There Is Music.

"Besides we had music! It is said that when half a dozen Germans got together some sort of musical society is sure to be formed, so you can imagine that music is flourishing in the camp. Seeing the number of first-rate musicians interned, I wondered how London orchestras could exist at all. Excellent choirs and bands have been formed, and these give performances, but never without serious preparation. They know their audience would not tolerate amateurish efforts. When the instruments cannot be obtained from outside they are made in the camp, and some are weird enough to arouse the envy of a futurist composer! The bandmen are dressed in full German military uniform, made in the camp; even the fabrication of a 'pickelhaube' offers no difficulty when pots and pans are at hand. Silver paper from chocolate and tobacco packing is never wasted, and plays an important part not only in the making of uniforms but in the staging of plays. These also are well rehearsed before being offered to the public.

"Every performance is announced by a band marching through the grounds and playing loudly to attract attention. One of the greatest successes in the show line was the circus; one day there was an elephant made of gray blankets and four or five men, which would have deceived anyone. Its antics were so truly elephantine that prisoners, English guards and officers alike, all were in fits of laughter, especially when the 'penny a ride' part began and the trunk disclosed a broomstick as foundation.

The Poem That Was Rebuked.

"Then we had recitation evenings. A poet among us recited his own work. A significant incident occurred during that evening. The first numbers were of a comic character, but the chief item of the program was a patriotic poem—a jubilant recital of how thousands of Russian soldiers had been lured into the Masurian bogs and drowned like rats. It was received with stormy applause. I felt indignant, and, seeing that some of my table companions also looked uneasy, I got up and asked permission to say a few words. It was granted. I first congratulated the poet on his skill, but protested against the spirit of the last poem, which invited us to gloat over the death agony of soldiers probably as brave as any others. I reminded the public that hundreds of German soldiers were drowned in flooded Flanders—terrible incidents of war, but not subjects for epics. A growing applause showed me I had not appealed in vain to the thinking portion of my fellow prisoners. The poet himself came to me a few days later and said, 'You know, Father Ludwig, I have been thinking over what you said, and I will not have the poem published.'

"I became sincerely attached to my fellow prisoners, who showed me all consideration in spite of the fact that my opinions were often diametrically opposed to theirs. When the order for my release came the governor shook hands with me and thanked me for the good suggestions and improvements which we had made in our camp."

ELK KILLS SON IN PARK DUEL

Ten-Year-Old Buck Comes Out Winner in the First Big Quarrel in Family.

Richmond, Ind.—Two buck elks in the city herd in Glen Miller park fought a duel and before the employees could separate them, Teddy, head of the herd, had gored to death his son, a two-year-old buck. Teddy is one of the finest specimens of elk in the country, and is ten years old. It is the first time in the history of the herd that a buck has offered harm to its offspring.

BOY, 13, ENTERS UNIVERSITY

Indianapolis Sends Second Young Gentleman to Chicago—Wins Scholarship by Ability.

Chicago.—Students and faculty of the University of Chicago are expecting much of Benjamin Perk of Indianapolis, thirteen years and four months old, who has registered as a freshman. Perk was graduated last spring from the Indianapolis Manual Training high school and was awarded a scholarship at the university. He is enrolled in the junior college of philosophy.

Perk follows in the footsteps of Harold Fishel, who came from Indianapolis a year ago at the age of fifteen and has continued his remarkable record at the university. Perk is the youngest student ever matriculated at Chicago.

The artificial coloring of goldfish to meet prevailing tastes by keeping them in water containing certain chemicals is extensively carried on in Sicily.

New York city has 5,333,537 people.

TRAINS LIKE FIGHTER

Billiard Champion Goes Through Movements of Athlete.

Secret of Willie Hoppe's Success as Billiard Player Attributed to Thorough Preparation—Must Love Sport.

In any game practice makes perfect, but there remains one more essential point after the practice reaches the stage of perfection, and Hoppe adds his physical condition. To some this sounds silly, especially for a billiard star. We know a fighter takes ten-mile road runs daily; that he takes a course of exercising—punches the bag, skips the rope and otherwise trains himself to take a punch and give a punch. And would you believe that Willie Hoppe goes through almost the identical movements of a great athlete in preparing for a championship billiard match? It's a fact.

There you have Willie Hoppe's secret of success. We do not know if Willie is a "model man" of the "neither smokes, drinks nor chews." But we have it from Robert Benjamin, manager of Willie Hoppe, that Willie does not lounge around various billiard halls with a cigarette in his mouth, or play the cabaret home past the closing hours.

Hoppe attributes his success to his daily living," remarked Benjamin. "And I tell you he'll be the billiard champion until the day he announces his retirement. They'll never take the crown away from him. He's the master of the field at present, still I do not believe he has reached the zenith of his career. You'll always find Hoppe practicing, and you'll always find Willie in perfect condition physically. Success for any champion usually causes him to indulge in many of the entertainments for him. But not Hoppe. Every morning it is a ten-mile walk, part of the way a trot; he takes his rubdown and bath, and then it is four or five hours on a billiard table. He gets the required sleep, and this, with his natural ability, makes Willie the king of 'em all."

Willie Hoppe is an example for the present-day cueists. We have stars of the cue in the field today trailing Hoppe, and in every match they have run second to the champion. Why? "You've got to love sport like a boy to win any championship," says Willie Hoppe.

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Directs His Team by Use of Novel 'Phone

Directing the play of his team by telephone was the innovation tried out by Coach Fred J. Murphy of Northwestern university.

Lake Forest college was Northwestern's opponent in the first game of the football season.

Murphy, barred from the coaching lines by new western conference rules, installed a telephone on the top of a grandstand and, with a pair of field glasses, planned to direct the operation of his players on the field below. The telephone was connected with the Northwestern bench, on the sidelines, where Assistant Coach McDevitt was to receive orders and make changes in the line-up as directed.

"From the stands I can look down on the players and discover a lot of things which I could not see on the ground," Murphy explained.

Whales Sign Baltimore Pitcher. Sol Anderson of Baltimore, the young pitcher of the St. John's Athletic Association baseball team, has signed a contract with Joe Tinker's Whales for next season.

MICHIGAN FOOTBALL PROSPECTS BRIGHT



Johnny Maubetsch, Michigan's Speed Marvel.

(By FRANK G. MENKE.)

"Hustle-em-up" Yost isn't worrying. The football boss at the University of Michigan has seven of the 1914 veterans as the nucleus for this year's eleven and the sophomore class is placing at his disposal about 20 very promising looking rookies.

Michigan's football prospects are bright—so bright, in fact, that they have dazzled the Michiganders into the belief that this year's Michigan eleven will do stunts that will recall the days of Michigan's greatest glory—the days of Heston, Weeks, Snow, Redden and the others who made up the "point-a-minute" eleven.

Johnny Maubetsch is back and ready to battle again under the maize and blue standard. Johnny, if you'll recollect, was known last fall as "the Michigan team" and Johnny because of his amazing ground gaining powers on plunges won for himself the almost unanimous vote for a backfield job on the mythical all-American eleven.

The other 1914 regulars who were not shorn from Michigan via the graduation process, are: Cochran, captain and tackle; Reimann, tackle; Dunne, Benton and Staats, ends, and Watson, a great guard.

Michigan Has Seasoned Team.

Most of these men were "green" when the season opened last year, but before the end of November they had developed into wonderful players. The seasoning of 1914 surely will add greatly to their ability in 1915 and

If both show up well enough Yost may make room for them, playing one at guard and the other at tackle and shifting Captain Cochran from tackle to guard.

Some folks feel that with Maubetsch back of the line, Michigan has all the backfield that is needed. But Yost, probably for appearances sake only, has decided to have the full quota of backfield men.

Bastian, because of his fine work as a substitute last year, seems a certainty for one of the jobs. Zeiger and Hildner, because of their exceptional kicking ability, may land the other jobs, although Roehm will give both of them a real battle.

Smith and Schulte, who hail from Bay City, Mich., are touted as the best among the sophomores who yearn to become varsity halfbacks.

Janvin, Once Was School Track Star

"Jannie" Janvin, the Red Sox utility infielder, was a champion athlete before he became a member of the American league champion ball club. He was a track athlete and he champion interscholastic hurdler. The Red Sox picked the youngster from a high school baseball team, farmed him out for a season and then brought him back and used him in every infield position, including first base. He can fill in anywhere around the diamond.

Another Blacksmith Pugilist.

Les Darcy, the Australian, who recently landed a sleep punch upon the jaw of Eddie McLoorty, is only nineteen years old. He used to be a blacksmith, but quit the forge about a year ago when friends convinced him that a great future was in store for him in the fighting game. Darcy's first real ring encounter took place last January. His rise in the pugilistic game has been meteoric. He is regarded as a born fighter and Australians predict that he will rank upon as one of the greatest middle weight battlers of all time.

Few Knockout Boys Left.

Of the present little champions Jess Willard, heavyweight champion, is about the only one who can knock out his opponent.

Mike Gibbons, generally accepted as middleweight champion, isn't much of a puncher for his weight. Freddie Welsh and Johnny Kilbane haven't shown a real wallop for ages, while Johnny Ertle, new bantam champ, is not such a terror with his maulers. Fighters have gone out of style. They're nearly all boxers now.

Johnston and Griffin Win.

At St. Louis William M. Johnston and Clarence Griffin, national doubles champions, defeated Maurice E. McLoughlin of San Francisco and Irving C. Wright of Boston, 4-6, 7-5, 6-2, in an exhibition match. Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the national turf, clay and indoor champion, defeated Miss Alice Prendergast, for three years the local champion, in straight sets 6-2, 6-2.

World's Record Lowered.

Directum 1, chaplain pacing station, has just established a new world's record of 1:54.4 for a mile paced without a wind-aid at the New York state fair. In so doing he lowered his own record of 1:58. Another world's record was lowered when Capt. David Shaw of Cleveland drove Peter Mac in 1915, a new amateur mark for a mile track.

Benton, a Veteran End.

Yost won't need to look around for any tackles or ends—and he'll need just one new guard.

Yost, however, needs a center to take the place of Raynford, who was graduated, three backfield men and a drop kicker. The freshman class of 1914 probably will send him both and even if it doesn't he may find the men he needs among the players who acted last year as first varsity substitutes.

From last year's second team, Yost has, as candidates for the line, Rehner, Norton, Millard, Netman, Skoner and Warner. For backfield candidates he has Bastian, Roehm, Zeiger, Calvin, Hildner, Johnson, McNamara and Boyle.

The freshman team of 1914 will furnish the following: Lineamen—Howe, Robins, Lambert, Pobans, Sharpe, Frazell, Willard, Riber, Loucks and Ingham; backfield—Raymond Smith, Bixler, Brown, Schulte, Foster and Johnson.

Rookies Look Promising.

Howe and Probans look best among the candidates for the line positions.